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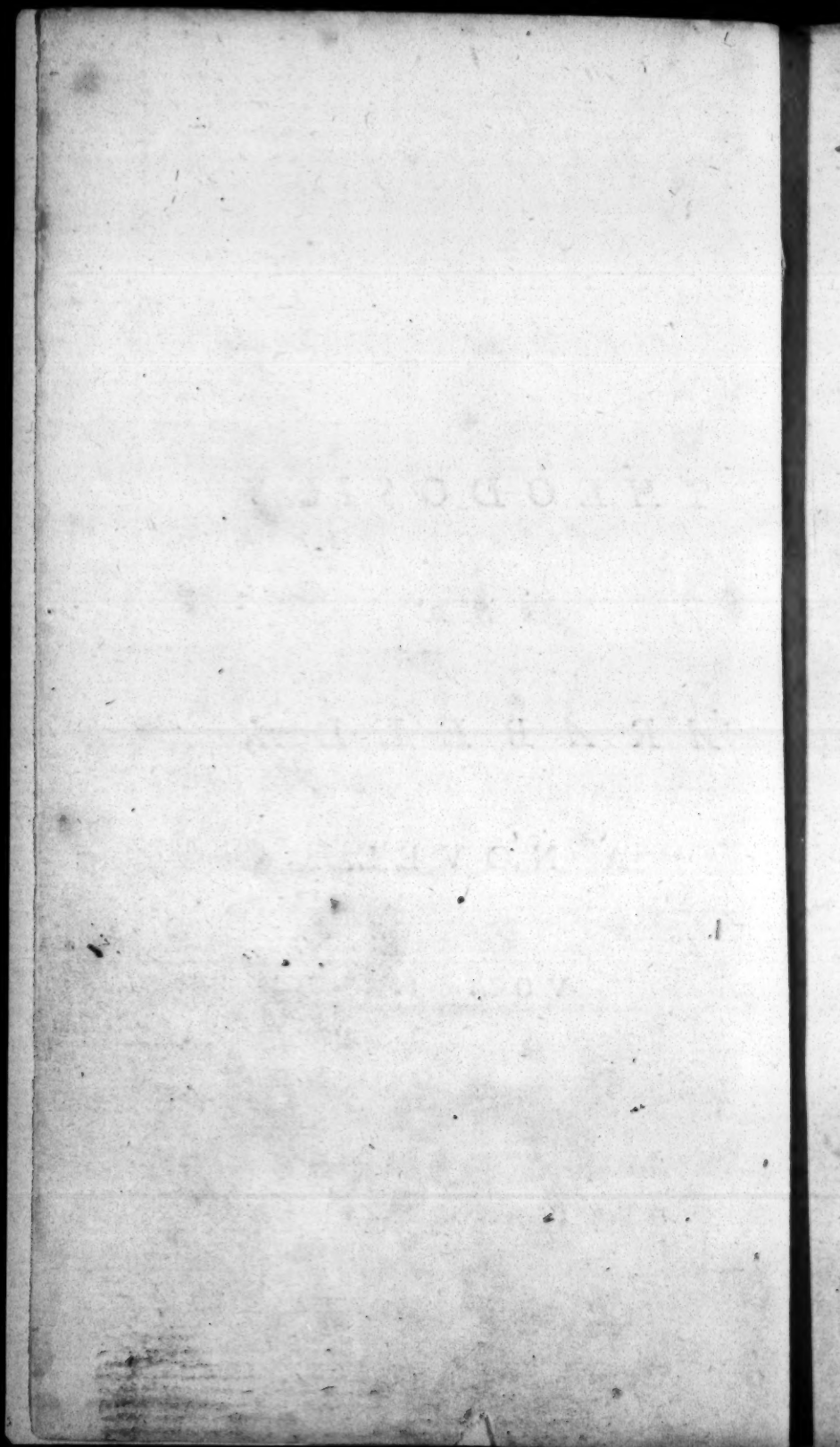
THEODOSIUS

A N D

ARABELLA,

A NOVEL.

VOL. I.



THEODOSIUS

AND

ARABELLA,

A NOVEL,

IN A SERIES OF LETTERS,

BY THE LATE

MRS. HAMPDEN PYE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

Bainbridge

L O N D O N.

PRINTED FOR WILLIAM LANE,
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M.DCC.LXXVI.

This Novel was intended by the Author to have been call'd MARY and FRANCIS GREY; but from a Similarity of Title to another Publication, is altered to THEODOSIUS and ARABELLA.



THEODOSIUS

AND

ARABELLA.

LETTER I.

MRS. HERVEY,

TO

MRS. WILMOT.

*Hill-Street, Berkley-Square,
April 14.*

A Thousand thanks to you;
for your kind, your sensible
letter. The only consolation
that can be offered for a recent

Vol. I.

B

loss,

2 THEODOSIUS & ARABELLA.

loss, is the gently soothing that grief, which after all, nothing but time can alleviate.

A flood of tears which I shed over your letter, gave me more relief, than I have received from the unfeeling counsels and common place reflections, which I have been teased with from a number of people, who reduce every thing to compliment and etiquette; and who are strangers to the sympathetic tenderness that warms the bosom of my dear Mrs. Wilmot. It is certain, that I have lost in Mr. Selwyn,

Selwyn, one of the best of brothers, and the world one of the best of men; but what will appear strange to you, (as indeed it does to myself,) that although I have lost sight of him for almost fifteen years, and from an habitual aversion to writing, which he contracted very early in life, I was seldom indulged with his letters, yet I miss him, now he is no more, as much as if he had lived with me.—Length of time and distance of place are supportable evils, whilst it is possible for one or either of the parties, to sur-

4 THEODOSIUS & ARABELLA.

mount the difficulty ; but when once that possibility is removed, we feel the separation, as if at that instant only it took place.

But I am encroaching on your indulgent friendship, by dwelling on so melancholy a subject ; I will change it.—What shall I do with the two young people my brother has consigned to my care ? It is a task I am really unequal to for many reasons ; it is too late in the day for me to enter into a new scene of action. I have been sufficiently buffeted on the ocean of human life, and
hoped

hoped I was quietly got into
 port for the short remainder al-
 lowed me by providence. In a
 letter which seems to be written
 not long before his death, he
 tells me, that on the first trou-
 bles which broke out in that
 part of the world (for you
 know his residence was at Vir-
 ginia,) he acted in the militia;
 and whilst he was at Boston, a
 party of his men beset a house,
 where they found no other in-
 habitants but these two chil-
 dren, and several servants who
 contrived to make their escape.
 His young prisoners were brought

6 THEODOSIUS & ARABELLA.

to him, and tho' he made all the enquiries possible, he never could find out what was become of their father.

The wound he received, having obliged him to retire from the service, he took them with him to Virginia, where he died.—He has left them 2000l. each, and 1000l. to me for a ring; the rest of his fortune, which was not very considerable, he has disposed of in a manner that does honour to his judgment and probity. He tells me the names of the brother and
sister

sister are Theodosius and Arabella Grey; and in a postscript, he earnestly recommends it to me to marry the young lady as soon as I meet with a tolerable offer.

I believe I have often told you, that Mr. Selwyn was first induced to go to North America out of complaisance to his wife. He married a lady who had a considerable property in that part of the world; and who, being the darling and only child of a very worthy father, she was extremely desirous of seeing him before his death. In compliance

8 THEODOSIUS & ARABELLA.

pliance to her wishes, my brother undertook the voyage; but had the misfortune of losing both his wife and his father-in-law, within two years after his arrival there. This fixed such a melancholy on his mind, that he almost gave up society; but liking the country, he abandoned all thoughts of Europe, and determined to settle there; little imagining at that time it would become the seat of war.

I could not welcome my new guests, who arrived here three weeks ago, without feeling all
my

my grief renewed; they are in deep mourning, and indeed their mourning seems to be more in the heart than in the habit,—they speak of their benefactor in terms of the greatest affection,—and lament him, as if he had been in reality their father.

I forgot to mention that my brother in his letter says, that altho' the one (as he judged) was about twelve, and the other eleven, when they were taken, they were so uninformed and so savage, that they could hardly

read; nor could he get any satisfactory account from them concerning their family.—The lad indeed had told him at different times, that they lived alone with their father, but were chiefly left to the care of two black servants, he often going long journies; on one of which he was absent when they were made prisoners. He said, that their father was very severe to them both, but less so to his sister than him; from all which account my brother was the less astonished at their being so easily

fily reconciled to their captivity,
if it could so be called.

Had I not been told by my brother that they were in such a state of ignorance when he took them, I shou'd have imagined, from their appearance and conversation, that they had been brought up from their cradle under the eyes of the tenderest and most accomplished parents ; for there is the utmost grace in their manner, and the most perfect elegance in their language : this I attribute to their living entirely with my brother, who devoted

all

12 THEODOSIUS & ARABELLA.

all his time and care to the cultivating their young minds;—and no man more capable of the task, as he possessed great knowledge, adorned with every branch of polite literature.

He has taught them French and English, which they speak and write perfectly well,—he has likewise taught them latin (tho' it was by chance that I found out Arrabella's knowledge of that language)—geography, and drawing, by means of his father-in-law's library, who had been in that profession; he
had

had an opportunity of giving Theodosius some rudiments of the law, which he has made choice of rather against my brother's inclination, as he intended him for the army ; but a certain prejudice that had taken root in the mind of the young american, obliged him to lay aside that project.

I imagine you will have some curiosity to be made acquainted with the persons of my wards ; I shall therefore satisfy it, by informing you that Arabella is inclining to tall, and formed in

14 THEODOSIUS & ARABELLA.

in the most exact and regular proportions. — Her complexion clear, and animated with an agreeable bloom; — her eyes, which are black and full of sweetness, and the finest teeth in the world, give a remarkable eclat to her countenance, — her nose is aquiline, and her forehead rather low, but well shaped. As her features are far from regular, she gains more at a second view than at the first glance, — but the gentleness of her manners, and the grace that accompanies every gesture, — a grace unstudied and untaught, soon

soon gains and secures to her the admiration she deserves.

Theodosius, her brother, is near six feet high, but by much the finest figure I ever saw.—He is perfectly well made, and his face, tho' some what less correct than his person, may justly pass for a model of male beauty.—His large blue eyes, adorned with fine long black eye lashes, and eyebrows of the same colour, contrast agreeably with his light brown hair, and set off a very fine complexion. — His mouth equally perfect in form and colour,

lour, compleats the beauty of a most pleasing but manly countenance.—Were envy to undertake his picture, she wou'd perhaps remark that his nose is less handsome than his other features, and that there is rather too great a hollownes at the temples. He has a commanding air of dignity in his person, which wou'd be more agreeable, were it not accompanied by a certain degree of haughtiness and coldness in his manners, that betrays an indifference about pleasing,—a disposition unflattering if not offensive in society.—Whether this disposition

disposition is natural to him, or the effect of his present melancholy for the loss of his friend, I shall be better able to judge hereafter.

Adieu, my dear Mrs. Wilmot; I have tired you and myself by this long letter; but I shall not perhaps be able to write again very soon; notwithstanding which, you will often employ the thoughts of,

Your affectionate

CHARLOTTE HERVEY.

P. S.

P. S. What cou'd be my poor brother's reason for so strongly urging me to marry this young woman as soon as possible?—I wish he had been more explicit.

L E T T E R

LETTER II.

MRS. WILMOT,

TO

MRS. HERVEY

*Wilmot-Hall, near Reading,
May 1.*

YOU and I think differently,
for the first time in our
lives, my dear Mrs. Hervey. I
am extremely glad of the arrival
of these two young people.
Talents like your's, ought to be
call'd

call'd into action; and the exertion of them in forming the minds of your wards, with the constant exercise of your benevolence towards them, will be the most effectual remedies against your grief.

I own I long to be introduced to their acquaintance, but I fear it will be some time first; for Mr. Wilmot has lately had several little attacks of the gout, and does not wish, I know, to undertake a journey at present; for which reason I take care to conceal my inclination, well knowing,

ing,

ing, that were he once to guess
 it, he wou'd throw by his crutch,
 and with that impetuosity you
 are so fond of, ring up all the
 servants, — call for the travel-
 ling trunks, — and in less than
 twelve hours, we shou'd be stow-
 ed in the great Berlin, and on
 the road to London; he taking
 the opportunity, whilst my head
 was turned another way, to
 make wry faces at every twinge
 he felt, — at the same time swear-
 ing that he never was half so
 well in his life. It is certainly
 true, that there never were two
 such hypocrites joined toge-
 ther

ther in the marriage state as we are; for in twenty years that we have been married, our whole study has been to conceal from each other, any pain of body or mind either has felt. He is so quick,—so susceptible!—in short I may say, the only uneasiness either have experienced since our union, is—that of seeing the other suffer.

I took the liberty of communicating to him your letter, and when he had read it, “tell your friend Hervey, from me, that with all her fine sense she is a
great

great fool,—and indeed” added he, “I know no greater fools than your *women of fine sense*;—She is at a loss to find out the meaning of her brother’s injunction; why I will be bound to burn my crutch, and go down a country dance with a brisk lass of fifteen in my next fit of the gout, if the girl has not left a lover behind her, among her yankee countrymen. As for her brother, who is so indifferent about pleasing, we shall see that hereafter;—I never met with a fellow in all my life with such a person as she describes,
that

that was not solicitous enough to please, however difficult he may find it to *be* pleased;—for your male beauties, (of six feet high especially) are generally too fond of themselves, not to be difficult,—and as you women term it, *cruel*.” I send his remarks in his own words, because I know you understand and value him; and to tell you the truth, because I think he may very possibly be in the right.

Adieu, I must quit you, for my husband declares “that it is the love of talking that makes
 women

women so fond of writing, and”
 added he, “were we to cut out
 their tongues, we should not be
 less pestered with their Non-
 sense—if we left them a pen.”
 With all this he loves and ho-
 nours you, and permits me to
 tell you so; reserving to myself,
 the privilege of being more than
 any one on earth, your affecti-
 onate friend,

LUCY WILMOT,

Vol. I. C LETTER

LETTER III.

MRS. HERVEY,

TO

MRS. WILMOT.

Hill-Street

July 8.

I Should long since have answered your's, my dear Mr Wilmot, had I not been so entirely engrossed by business and indeed by illness;—the fire is settled at length to my entire satisfaction

satisfaction,—and the last I have
also perfectly got the better of;
these occurrences have detained
me in town much beyond my
usual time, but early in the
week, I shall certainly go to
Hervey-Lodge. I have taken
chambers in the Temple for Mr.
Grey, who pursues his studies
with great alacrity; and passes
almost all his spare time with
his sister and me. My affection
for that amiable young woman
increases every hour; her assidu-
ity, — her tender care of me
during my indisposition, — has
C 2 endeared

endeared her to me beyond expression.

The test of a woman's goodness of heart, is a sick room,—if she conducts herself there with the care, the attention, and cheerfulness required in so disagreeable an office, you may depend on it all is right. Theodosius expressed also great concern on the occasion, and I believe very sincerely, for he is too proud to dissemble; but there is really something very extraordinary in the turn of mind of these two young people, —there

—there is a constant melancholy hangs on them, which my utmost endeavours have not been able to dispel, tho' Arabella's obliging disposition leads her to seem pleased when in company;—but I see that her cheerfulness is only assumed, and comes not from the heart.

I have kept in mind Mr. Wilmot's hint, and one day, when Theodosius and I were alone, I asked him if his sister had not left a lover behind her at Virginia? “Not that I know of, Madam,” was the laconic

answer, and immediately he
 took up his hat and went out
 Yet it may be so, and he not
 know it; for the only thing I
 dislike in them both, is their
 behaviour to each other,—they
 are as cold, reserved, and cere-
 monious, as if they were stran-
 gers.

I have invited my niece, Au-
 gusta Beverly, to spend some
 time with us at Hervey-Lodge
 in hopes her sprightliness may
 dispel the gloom that hangs on
 my amiable Arabella. The
 young Ladies have already met, th

and

he and are much pleased with each other. Miss Beverley is now within six months of being of Age, and the consciousness of being mistress of two thousand pounds per annum, and a celebrated beauty into the bargain, has made her a little overbearing;—but an excellent heart, a good understanding, and a serious passion, (whenever that happens) will correct her petulance, and render her a very amiable woman.

The She has hitherto refused all the matches that have been proposed

posed to her by her guardians, and she tells them she is determined to chuse for herself, as she shall act in a quite different manner to what they wou'd; for she shall pay less regard to fortune than family,—and less to family than merit.

I cannot disapprove her sentiments, as I know but too well what it is to be sacrificed in the bloom of youth, to riches, which afford no real enjoyment, when purchased at the expence of our freedom. Perhaps, you will say, I expose my niece to too great a trial,

trial, by putting her in danger of loving the brother, when I only mean to make her the friend of the sister.

Why, my dear Mrs. Wilmot, I have already weigh'd that point, and to deal frankly with you, tho' I wou'd do nothing to promote such an event, shou'd it take place, I wou'd do nothing to oppose it. As far as I can judge of Grey, by my own observations, and by the report of one whom I can depend on, he is a youth of excellent principles; whether his temper may be per-

fectly good I will not take upon me to say, but were his heart once engaged, that wou'd doubtless alter ; the heavy sense of obligation is painfully irksome to minds of a certain cast, and perhaps that may be his case.

Last week I gave a great dinner, (as is my usual custom just before I leave town,) and I cou'd not help remarking with pleasure, the notice Lord Falbridge, (whom you have seen at my house) took of Arabella. He seldom passes a summer without spending a few days at Hervey-Lodge,

Lodge, and I am much mistaken if he omits paying me that compliment this summer. I shall also invite young Mordant, who is son to Augusta's guardian, and of whom Grey is so fond, that when in his company he seems to lay aside a little of his Spanish gravity. He is a very worthy sensible young man, plain in his person, but adorned with excellent qualities; it was from him I received the favourable account of Grey, I before adverted to.

Adieu! tell Mr. Wilmot I love his agreeable oddity, as well as
ever,

36 THEODOSIUS & ARABELLA.

ever, and believe me to be your
most affectionate friend,

C. HERVEY.

P. S. My next will be dated
from the Lodge.

LETTER IV.

MRS. HERVEY,

T O

MRS. WILMOT.

Hervey-Lodge,

August 12.

WELL, my dear Mrs. Wilmot, here we are. My Niece, my Ward, and I arrived at this place three weeks ago,—Mordant and Grey have been with us about ten days;

days; the young ladies are inseparable, their good sense makes them easily discover what is valuable in each other's character, tho' they are widely opposite; for Augusta is in a constant hurry of unruly spirits; Arabella all sedateness; and I wish I could not add,—pensive melancholy. Her brother and she do not correspond, which I wonder at, and asked her the reason of it? she told me in a careless manner, “that they neither of them loved writing, and as he was to come down so soon, there was no necessity for it;” I own I was

neither

neither pleased with the answer;
nor the manner that accompa-
nied it. I must again repeat, it
is very extraordinary that two
young people, alone in the world,
in a manner speaking, should
have so little affection for each
other.

The day Mordant and he ar-
rived, we were just risen from
table; the instant Augusta saw
Mordant, she exclaimed, "Good
God! my dear aunt, what did
you invite that poor wretch for;
whilst I am here, when you know
I cannot help using him ill?" "I
am

am certain," replied I gravely
 "Miss Beverley has too much
 good breeding to use any one ill
 in my house; and too much
 good nature, to dislike a worthy
 man for no other reason, than
 his regard for her." She seemed
 a little hurt at this reproof, and
 made no answer. You must
 know, Mordant has long been
 the secret admirer of Miss Be-
 verley, but his father, who is a
 man of the strictest probity, for-
 bad him, on his blessing, ever to
 make mention of his passion to
 his ward; and the young gen-
 tleman has adhered to his fa-

ther's

her's command as far as was in his power; but he could not so well conceal his sentiments, but that Augusta's penetrating eye found them out, and she tyrannised over him accordingly.

Just as we had done speaking, the two young men entered the room; Grey, with his hair all hanging over his forehead with the wind, and a flush in his cheeks from riding, looked more resplendently handsome than ever I saw him. They both saluted the girls very respectfully, and as I took care to examine all their

their looks, I observed the little
 air of scorn in Augusta's countenance
 in answering Mordant's salu-
 te, and the astonishment which
 took possession of her when she
 answered that of Grey. It was
 the first time she had seen him,
 and I am much mistaken if her
 proud heart has not felt a pang,
 to which it has hitherto been
 a stranger. As to Arabella, equally
 polite to both, I should have
 been at a loss to guess which
 was the brother, and which the
 stranger. I had so wearied myself
 with conjectures on their account,
 that I was to- tally

little ally at a loss what to conclude ;
 but I own I felt a great curi-
 osity to know whether their be-
 haviour to each other, when in
 private, was as ceremonious as
 when before witnesses ; thinking
 it might perhaps be owing to
 the custom of their country, to
 keep that extraordinary distance
 in company. Chance favoured
 my wishes, for next morning, as
 you know I am an early riser, I
 was in one of the serpentine
 walks in the garden about seven,
 when I heard the voices of two
 people on the outside of the
 walk ;—I looked out, and seeing
 it

it was Theodosius and Arabella. I determined to keep pace with them, as the trees and shrubs screened me entirely from their view. I observed that Theodosius walked with his arms folded in his bosom, and his sister close by him; to my great surprise and satisfaction I found, that their conversation turned on me, and I must own I felt my heart dilate on hearing the manner in which they expressed their sense of my care for them. From thence Arabella turned the conversation to Miss Beverly, and asked her brother if he did

.not

not think her amazingly handsome? "Yes, she is very handsome," (was his careless answer) "but beauty is to me such a very trifling consideration in a woman."

—Just as he said these words, Arabella setting her foot awry on an acorn that lay in her way, made a false step, and was just falling, had he not suddenly caught her in his arms; "God bless me! how you frightened me! have you not hurt yourself, Miss Grey?" Miss Grey,—what a strange piece of formality to a sister!—on her answering in the negative, they struck across the lawn

46 THEODOSIUS & ARABELLA.

lawn into the house, and left me
more astonished than ever.

Adieu ! dear Mrs. Wilmot, my
pen is tired, but I shall soon
resume it ; ever remaining your
affectionate

CHARLOTTE HERVEY

LETTER

LETTER V.

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

Hervey-Lodge,

August 20.

OUR young people are all at cross purposes. Miss Beverly seems to revenge on poor Mordant, the cold, and I had almost said haughty behaviour of Grey towards her; she affects however to rally him on his gravity, but it is so overdone, that the most unpenetrating spectator may see what passes in her heart. Yesterday she came down to dinner

dinner in a hat lately sent her
 from Paris, adorned with a fu-
 perabundance of feathers and
 ribbons, looking handsome as an
 angel, but by no means receiving
 any addition from this whim-
 sical ornament; however, as we
 knew it was a present to her, we
 paid her some compliments on
 it, tho' against our consciences
 for to me all superfluous orna-
 ments take from the beauty of
 the human form; and as to
 Arabella, she is as elegantly plain
 in her dress as in her manners.
 Grey only lifted up his large
 blue eyes, and said, rather be-

ween his teeth, "what a hat!" this was not lost upon her, "well, Mr. Grey" (affecting not to have heard him,) "do you say nothing to my chapeau a la reine? what, I suppose it is not exactly in the stile of your coutrywomen, and consequently cannot be in taste?" "My countrywomen, Madam," replied he, with the gravest tone of voice, "set little value upon the ornaments of dress; and think nothing adds to female beauty, so much as reserve and simplicity of manners."—I really felt for my poor niece, for her face was instantly suffused

with a deep blush, and I saw the tears roll in her eyes.—What a young man this is! it will be a difficult task, I plainly see, for any woman to gain his affections; but whenever that does happen, I think, he will be an excellent husband. This however proved to me beyond a doubt the state of Augusta's heart; and it may perhaps be reserved to Grey, to cure her of all her little imperfections, and render her as amiable as nature intended her to be; for after all, I cannot suppose, that he can long hold out against her charms, united

to the visible desire of pleasing him, which this morning she gave a proof of; and if it was thrown away on him, it was by no means lost on poor Mordant. She came down in an English chip hat ornamented with the ribbons she had yesterday worn in her French one, and going to my work table to get my work, I beheld with astonishment, the feathers, &c. laying about, and the hat itself all undone. I had really forgot what had passed on the subject, and exclaimed, "good God! Augusta, what made you pull your hat to pie-

ces? when Lord R—— hears how you have treated his present, he wont be much flattered by it, and it really became you very well.” “I dont think so, Madam, a plain hat is better.” Mordant, who was stung to the soul at the indirect compliment paid to the insensible Grey, could not help saying, “indeed, Miss Beverley, the person ought to be esteemed supremely happy, who could make such a sudden change in your taste.” What a look did she dart at him! “let the happiness be ever so great, you may be sure it does not regard yourself,

self, Mr. Mordant."—I saw this sarcasm cut him to the heart, for he spoke but little during the rest of breakfast, and immediately after he took Grey under the arm, and walked out into the garden. As I do not wish to take any authority on me towards this young woman, I only shewed my disapprobation by my silence, and we all sat down to our work in a very grave mood. After a little while, Arabella said, with a smile, "why, I think, my dear Miss Beverley, you have changed characters with me, for you are as silent and as grave as

possible this morning." A sigh from poor Augusta was all the answer, which Arabella observing, said, with an arch smile, "I am glad to see this, I am in hopes you are doing penance for your unseasonable rebuke to poor Mr. Mordant." "What, does Arabella turn against me? nay then, my dear aunt, I must fly to you for refuge, I am sure you will take my part;" "who, I, Augusta, no, I assure you I will not, for to tell you the truth, I am quite of Arabella's opinion; and have often wondered, that so much as you have had an opportunity of
seeing

seeing him, and judging of his
 character, Mordant's merit has
 never made an impression on
 your heart." "Oh! shocking, my
 dear aunt! lord how is it possible
 to bear with an officer in the
 guards of four-and-twenty, as
 grave as an old Roman Senator;
 besides, you know we were
 brought up together, and to me
 there is something horrid in the
 idea,—it is just like falling in love
 with one's brother." As she spoke
 these words, Arabella's face and
 neck were cover'd with crimson,
 and she started so, that the hook
 she was at work with, fell out of
 her

her hand on the frame; she drew out her handkerchief, and endeavoured to hide her confusion; but I own it struck me in a very extraordinary manner, and I cannot yet imagine what occasioned it. Perhaps, Arabella herself may be partial to young Mor-
dant, I am apt to think it may be so,—I should be very sorry for it, for I am sure his heart is deeply engaged to my niece; and besides I know, from the situation of his father, Sir William, who has a large debt on his estate, he never could be brought to consent to such a match; and as that is the

case,

case, it would only prepare unhappiness for her.

Adieu! my dear friend; did I not tell you I was entering into a scene of cares? Believe me ever, your most affectionate,

CHARLOTTE HERVEY.

D 5 LETTER

LETTER VI.

M R. M O R D A N T,

T O

THEODOSIUS GREY.

Mordant-House,

August 23.

NO sooner arrived at my father's house, but I hastened to account to you, my dear Grey, for my precipitate retreat from the Lodge. When I told Mrs. Hervey the other day that I had
just

just received a letter from my father, commanding my instant return home on an affair of importance, I saw a kind of doubt in your look; and that doubt did honour to your penetration. Let me then disclose to you a secret, (which I fear is scarce to be called one,) that from my very childhood I have loved my father's ward. Exclusive of her beauty, Augusta Beverley is adorned with all the qualities I would wish in the woman with whom I am destin'd to pass my life. She is sincere, generous, good tempered, and virtuous from

from principle; the petulance you have observed in her humour, is nothing but an over-redundancy of spirits, and will soon wear off, or I am much mistaken. Sir William Mordant is perhaps the man in the world of the most exact and scrupulous probity, and when I was about eighteen, he took me one day into his closet, and spoke to me in the following manner, “the method in which you have been brought up, Harry, authorises my speaking to you rather with the tenderness of a friend, than the authority of a father; whilst

yet

yet Miss Beverley and you were
 children, your affection for each
 other was an affair of no conse-
 quence; you are now growing to-
 wards manhood, and the indulg-
 ing a sentiment which I shall
 certainly oppose, can be of no use
 but to render you unhappy, and
 forfeit the affection of a father,
 who has only your welfare in
 view. My estate is not inconfi-
 derable, but it is incumbered
 by a heavy debt, and were I to
 make a match between Miss Be-
 verley and you, it would infal-
 libly be said in the world that I
 had abused my power as a guar-
 dian,

dian, to get her large fortune into my family, to her very great disadvantage; and I must own to you, that I could not survive a supposition so injurious, and so opposite to my way of thinking: You must therefore promise me, upon your word of honour, never from this hour to shew any other sentiments to Miss Beverley, than such as her merit and beauty claim from all who know her. Should I observe that you deviate in the least from this rule, dear as you are to me, I must banish you my house till my ward is married, which in all probability,

her

into her beauty and fortune considered, cannot be a very distant event; but if on the other hand, she should not yet have made a choice, when she comes of age, and is mistress of herself, you will, when she is no longer under my roof, be at liberty to make her a proffer of your affections; she cannot then be supposed to be biased, and at one-and-twenty (or never) a woman is of a proper age to judge for herself. With this injunction, severe as it was, (but certainly founded in reason) I complied, as far as I was able, but not so far but that

Augusta

Augusta read in my eyes what
 passed in my heart. However
 averse as she ever seem'd to mar-
 riage, I hoped that my constancy
 would make a favourable impres-
 sion on her; and as she is now so
 near the term when I may be al-
 lowed to make known my senti-
 ments, I flattered myself that in
 the time I should be at Hervey-
 Lodge, I should be able to form
 some judgment of the probability
 of my success.—That fatal visit
 has indeed satisfied me, but not
 in the manner I could wish; I
 am too well convinced, not only
 that Augusta has no favorable
 thoughts

thoughts of me, but that *another* is in possession of that heart I have vainly tried to gain.

You will perhaps look on me as a very romantic fellow, when I tell you, that having lost all hopes of contributing to her happiness myself, the wish of my heart is to promote it with the man of her choice, especially as that man is my best and most esteemed friend—need I write under that description the name of Theodosius Grey?—Yes, my dear Theodosius, I say to you, as Nathan said unto David, “thou art

art the man !” Let me then en-
 treat you, by the friendship that
 unites us, to be as candid with
 me as I have been with you ; the
 insensibility I have hitherto re-
 marked in you, has awakened
 doubts in my mind concerning
 the state of your heart ; and tho
 you have always evaded the sub-
 ject when I wished to enter on
 it, I have at times imagined it
 arose from having left in your
 own country some favourite ob-
 ject, the remembrance of whom
 secured you from all the attacks
 of british beauty ; shou’d that be
 so, I know too well your princi-
 ples,

ples, and nice sense of honour,
to think you will make any other
use of what I have told you, than
to avoid all opportunities of
feeding a flame that must end in
the unhappiness of an amiable
and deserving young woman.
Shou'd on the other hand, your
heart be disengaged, the hint I
have given you, will, it is to be
hoped, soon melt all the *Bostonian*
frost about it, and I shall at least
have the consolation of having
contributed to the happiness of
the two people in the world who
are most dear to me; for after all,
Grey, I cannot possibly suppose,
that

that at your age, and with your fine feelings, you shou'd be totally insensible of a passion so productive of happiness; and from which no mortal is, or can wish to be exempt. I desire your answer with the same candor as you put the question; you can have no doubts of the friendship or discretion of

HENRY MORDANT

LETTER

LETTER VII.

THEODOSIUS GREY,

TO

MR. MORDANT.

August 27.

I MUST own, my dear Mordant,
I am hardly yet recovered
from the astonishment your letter
occasioned in me; your way
of thinking, and your conduct
are indeed worthy of you, and
as

as far as I am able, I will be as candid with you, as you have been with me. First then, upon the word of a man of honour, I have left no object in my own country, that ever made the least impression on me, or which has ever occasioned me a regret. To suppose that I am incapable of the tenderest and noblest of passions were indeed to wrong me,—but oh! my dearest friends seek not to know farther! do not expect that I should confess to you, what I would willingly conceal from myself; suffice it to say, that that passion which is the source

source of happiness to others,
 must ever be to me a source of
 torment and misery.— Permit me
 to wave the subject, and if my
 peace of mind be dear to you, I
 entreat you, by our friendship,
 never more to mention it.

You say, I shall think you a
 romantic fellow;—perhaps you
 will think me much more so,
 when I tell you, that were my
 heart as free as I could wish it,
 Miss Beverley is the last woman
 to whom I would offer it; even
 were I sure she was as much
 prejudiced in my favour, as your
 partiality

partiality for me seems to say
 I allow with you, that the form
 and mind of Augusta Beverle
 are equally lovely, (for of the
 vivacious petulance you advert
 to, I am sure she will be cured
 but never, never, shall Theodo
 sius Grey owe his fortune to his
 wife! You may perhaps talk of
 my *Bostonian* pride, as you have
 talked of my *Bostonian* coldness
 you may not be altogether
 the wrong. Pride is in some
 measure the offspring of liberty
 a British subject will naturally
 be prouder than a French one
 and a Republican will be prouder

than a British subject. But whether or not pride be the offspring of liberty, I am sure it is in noble minds that of misfortune. I groan already under too heavy a weight of obligation, and could not support the idea of adding to it.—Yet to whom was I so indebted? to a man, whom I revered with an affection almost bordering on adoration;—oh! Mordant, could you have known Mr. Selwyn!—but you know his excellent sister, and there is scarce a difference in their minds, but that which is produced by difference of sex.

Bear with me, my friend, if I recall those happy days, which I passed with my lamented, my beloved benefactor! I think I can now better recollect, than at the time, all the passages of my childhood;—a severe and unindulgent father made that season of my life a very unhappy one; and sure, if the authors of our being support not that title by their care and tenderneſs for us, they forfeit all claim to our affection, tho' we retain our reſpect towards them. When the chance of war, (oh! Mordant, what a war!) firſt put me in the

power

power of Mr. Selwyn, it was to open to me a new scene of existence. The first three years we were with him, he was our play-fellow; and whilst he seemed only studious to amuse us, he prepared our minds for the instructions he delighted to instill into them. To the refined politeness of an European, he united the plainness, and the simplicity of manners of an American. Zealously attached to his King, he was free from those prejudices which have turned to rancour the hearts of those who were so lately united as brothers;

thers; his benevolence was universal, but his fondness for my sister and myself were such, as is hardly to be met with in the tenderest parent. The instructions he gave us were in common his delight, consisting, as he used to say, in exciting our emulation, tho' Arabella far outwent me in every improvement; — her mind — But to return to Mr. Selwyn — when the hours of study were over, taking each of our arms he would walk with us for hours together, mingling fresh instructions with his conversation which made the deeper impres-

sion on us, from their not hav-
 ing the air of lessons. Happy!
 happy days! unimbittered with
 those painful reflections that
 must now ever prey on my mind,
 and destroy my tranquility.—
 When he found his last hour
 drawing near, he called me to
 him, and taking me by the hand,
 he said, in a tone of voice which
 I shall never forget, “if by my
 tender care of you, I have sup-
 plied the place of a parent, which
 I was the cause, tho’ indirectly,
 of dividing you from; if I have
 formed your youth to virtue, and
 enabled you to become a worthy

and useful member of society swear to me that you will religiously obey these my last injunctions."—Scarce able to answer him for the abundance of my tears, however solemnly swore, "that his advice and injunctions should be my constant rule of action thro' life."—"I am satisfied," said he, "there is my will, I have left you and your sister all that I could with justice appropriate the use of; the sum is not considerable, but with your talents, and Arabella's accomplishments, it may, (properly applied) render you both, if not rich, at least

happy

happy; but that to which you have engaged yourself, and which I have most at heart is, that you will go as soon as possible after my death, and settle in England. I have spoken already for that purpose to my friend Capt. Thomson, who will take upon him to present you to my sister, to whose care I have recommended you, and, under whose protection, you will not miss the friend you lose. But you, Theodosius, know my principles; God forbid I should wish you to take arms contrary to your's, but I revere my King and love

my Country, and I cannot leave
 a more valuable legacy to either
 than a virtuous and well-in-
 formed young man, and a wo-
 man replete with every quality
 that ought to adorn her sex;—
 watch over your sister's youth."—
 Pardon me, my dearest friend,
 flood of tears, from the thousand
 tender ideas that rush on my
 mind, obliges me to break off ab-
 ruptly, tho' I am ever your's,

THEODOSIUS GREY.

LETTER

LETTER VIII.

MR. MORDANT,

TO

THEODOSIUS GREY.

August 3^d.

YOUR letter, my dear Grey,
is certainly a very extraor-
dinary one. I shall not endea-
vour to fathom the mystery it
contains, or strive to penetrate
into a secret you are so desirous

of concealing. I must however
 remark, that it would be carrying
 your delicacy too far, if you had
 no other objection to Miss Be-
 verley than that which you men-
 tion; but as there seems to be
 another yet more insurmount-
 able, I think you would do well
 to absent yourself from the
 Lodge, for the little time she
 has to remain there. I shall go
 to London in a few days, having
 several guards to pay, and tho' it
 is but a dull time of year to be
 in Town, if you will oblige me
 with your company, I think it
 would wear off a little of that
 melancholy

melancholy which has taken too strong a hold on your mind; and which the Country gives you but too much opportunity of indulging. You must permit me to remark, with that freedom which my friendship for you authorizes, that your extreme reserve and unwillingness of mixing in society, tho' I know they arise from a love of solitude early impress'd on your mind, are highly unfavourable to your advancement in life; they are apt to give offence in any one, but doubly so in a man endowed by nature with personal and mental qualifications.

fications that command admiration; they carry with them the appearance of a mortifying sense of your own superiority, and you will be apt to excite the hatred, (pardon me for the term) tho' you compel the esteem of those whom you seem to slight.

Adieu! you will say I am writing a sermon instead of a letter; for which reason I shall hastily conclude myself,

Faithfully your's,

HENRY MORDANT.

P. S.

THEODOSIUS & ARABELLA. 85

P. S. As soon as you go to
Town call on me at the 'St.
James's Coffee-House, where
you will most probably find me
lounging away my guard.

LETTER

LETTER IX.

MRS. HERVEY,

T O

MRS. 'WILMOT.

September 4.

WE shall now soon be left alone, Arabella and I. Last Monday as we were at dinner, Grey received a letter from Mordant, desiring his company in town whilst he staid there.

there to pay his guards. As soon as he had read it, he shewed me that passage, which was the concluding one, and said "have I your permission, madam?" "certainly, my dear Theodosius," — "in that case, I shall set out to-morrow morning." I saw Augusta change colour, but she said nothing whilst he staid, which was not long, for as soon as the cloth was removed, he retired to his room to prepare for his journey. As soon as he was gone, she said come to Arabella, "I think, my dear, you ought to return your thanks there to

to Mr. Mordant for depriving you of your brother's company." "Indeed, my dear," returned Miss Grey, "I think every one entitled to my thanks, who are so obliging as to study my brother's inclinations; and I am sure those always lead him to Mr. Mordant." I know not whether Augusta heard this speech of Arabella's, for she seemed quite lost in a profound reverie. Poor girl, I greatly pity her, tho' in fact she loses very little by his leaving us; for almost ever since Mordant's going away, he has spent the greatest part of his time

time reading alone in his room, or walking in the garden with me, whenever the young ladies were otherwise employed. I could not help remarking to him one day, that it was carrying his complaisance too far, for that I did not imagine that the company of an old woman could possibly afford much entertainment to a young man; "you are mistaken, madam," said he with a smile, "minds like your's, never grow old, and every man, who has like me been early instructed to think, will naturally seek that conversation by which he is certain

certain to be at the same time improved and entertained." Our discourse generally turns on my brother, and Grey never appears to such an advantage as when he is talking of him; for he certainly retains a most enthusiastic veneration for his memory. Next morning he quitted us, after taking an affectionate leave of me and a very polite one of the young ladies. Ever since he went Augusta has been plunged in the deepest melancholy, which does not much surprise me, for those people of violent high spirits are very apt to fall into extremes

and that she loves him is but too certain; I say too certain, because it does not appear that he makes the least return to a sentiment which he never can be so blind as not to perceive. Indeed, I am convinced he does perceive it, by his taking such pains for some time past to avoid her; which conduct raises him in my esteem, so I cannot account for his indifference. So fine a girl! so large fortune!—sure his heart must have been engaged in America, is impossible otherwise. For this reason I was not at all sorry that Mordant's summons recalled

called him to London, and before he comes back Augusta will be gone, as she received a letter yesterday from Lady Mordaunt desiring her return home.

Adieu! my dear Mrs. Wilmore. I don't feel easy on the account of these young people; things don't seem by any means to take the turn for them that I could wish. Believe me ever, your affectionate,

CHARLOTTE HERVEY

LETTER

LETTER X.

MRS. WILMOT.

TO

MRS. HERVEY,

September 10.

I Am indeed a very bad correspondent, my dear Mrs. Hervey, but you know I have past the best part of my summer in attending on my poor gouty man, who swears that the pain goes off

the instant I begin to read to him. What a punishment to him who has such lively spirits to be confined to flannel and an easy chair;—he says “it is a curse drawn on him by the young fellows, for having a handsomer leg and foot than any of them and for being proud of it;” indeed when the fit is off, he has some reason yet to be vain of his person. He says, “I could tell them the receipt of looking young at fifty, if I would, but they have found out one to look old at twenty, and so every one to their taste.” Certain it is

tha

ad that the exact regularity of Mr.
 nt to Wilmot's conduct thro' life, with
 spirits that uncommon degree of fire in
 nd a his composition, is something
 cur very extraordinary, and very
 g fel much to be admired.

them We generally read your let-
 ndeed ters together, for I am so used to
 some judge by his faculties, and to see
 of his with his eyes, that were I to lose
 ld tel him, I should, like an indian wife,
 ooking be buried with him; since what
 d, bu would remain of me, would be
 ne t only the ghost of myself. — But
 ever heavens avert such an event!

n it is
 tha He

He bids me tell you, that you are too slow in fulfilling your brother's will, "tell her, Lucy, to marry her ward,"—"but why Mr. Wilmot, where, after all the great haste?"—"that, my most wise lady and mistress, shall not communicate even to you; but I have my reasons, and I again repeat, tell Mrs. Hervey, she shall be out of humour with her till I hear Arabella is married. I cannot imagine his reason for by your account of her, her conduct is so very proper, and her temper so gentle, that you have nothing in nature to fear

for her. I tell Mr. Wilmot it will certainly be a match between Augusta and Grey, but he says positively no! I hear his voice,—he calls me, “did not I tell you, Lucy, I should have a fresh twinge, when you laid down your book?”—Adieu! my dear Mrs. Hervey, your task is difficult; but who so equal to it as yourself?

Ever your's,

LUCY WILMOT.

LETTER XI.

—MISS BEVERLEY,

T O

MISS GREY.

September 11

I Thought indeed there was
 something en l'air when I was
 summoned away from the Lodge
 in such a violent hurry, and what
 was it but a fresh persecution
 Lord R——, who sent me
 that odious hat from Paris
 was just arrived at Mordant

Hou

House, and was dying to make me
 an offer of his hand, and as much
 of his heart as he could bring
 back from *les Divinites de l'Opera*.
 I was so out of humour I scarce
 gave him his answer, (which was
 in two words) with common ci-
 vility. The conceited creature!
 —to think I was to be gained
 like a child by a gewgaw!—For
 I saw, by the self satisfied air with
 which he asked me, “if I had
 received the hat?” that he ima-
 gined he had paved the way ef-
 fectually. How they treat us,
 these Lordly Tyrants! Oh!
 Arabella! Arabella! after all,
 F 2 the

the reproofs of a man of sense are ten thousand times more pleasing, than all the unmeaning adulation of these feather'd coxcombs.—Then the sermons of Sir William and Lady, (tho' they are the best people in the world, such a fine young Nobleman!—such a vast fortune! — “I despise rank,—I hate title,—and I don't want fortune.” Sir William teased me so the other day, that I told him, “well positively, Sir, if you say a word more about it I will go off to Scotland tomorrow morning with your son, for I know you have been ill-natured enough

enough to prevent his making love to me, and therefore I will make love to him."

"Who, — I prevented him? —

I assure you, Miss Beverley, I am convinced my son has too much honour to think of my ward;—if I was sure he had told you so, I would renounce him."—

I could not help bursting into a fit of laughter, "why, my dear Sir, now I am confirmed, that was all I wanted to know;—but I assure you he never said a word to me on the subject."—Poor Mordant!

After all, he has his merit.—I wish it were in my power to re-

ward the uncommon integrity and delicacy of my guardian, by making such an alliance,—but Arabella, it will not be! all this however will soon be at an end in three months I shall be mistress of myself. I have already taken a house in Hill-Street, within a few doors of Mrs. Hervey, where I hope I shall pass many happy hours in your society; then if I marry it shall be according to my own choice. A man who answers my every idea of perfection;—eminently sensible!—eminently handsome!—I would wish to take one

of *your* recommending,—one with
 whose character and disposition
you are perfectly acquainted,—one in
 short, who might yet more
 strongly cement the friendship
 that unites us. Adieu! my dear
 Arabella, I have said too little or
 too much,

Your's,

AUGUSTA BEVERLEY.

F 4 LETTER

LETTER XII.

MISS GREY,

TO

MISS BEVERLEY.

Hervey-Lodge

September 14

I Must, my dear, tho' at the risk of displeasing you, greatly disapprove your raillery towards Sir William, Were you in reality inclined to reward the delicacy of the father, and the constant

constant affection of the son, it might have done well enough; tho', even then it would have been as well let alone. After all, why should it not be so? in my opinion there can be no reason in the world so good for making choice of a man, as the having been brought up with him from infancy. No sudden start of passion,—no caprice, founded on exterior perfections only, then influence the mind to conceive a sentiment that grows with us, that acquires fresh strength as we acquire fresh reason; to have it in one's power to pass one's

life with the man with whom we
 past the happy hours of inno-
 cence and childhood,—what a
 happiness!—yet this is in *your*
 power, and you neglect it;—for
 what?—for a chimera, form'd by
 your own lively imagination,
 which has no existence out of it.
 For my part, I should of all
 others, prefer a single life; but
 what is fitting to my peculiar si-
 tuation, would be very improper
 in your's. Could I bestow a
 mind, a person, and a fortune
 like your's on the man I made
 choice of, I might perhaps think
 otherwise; as it is, all I wish for

is to pass unnoticed thro' life;
and since happiness can never be
within my reach, tranquility and
retirement are all that remains
for me. You do me too much
honour to wish to take a hus-
band of my recommendation;
but if you leave me to determine
for you, Mordant will certainly
be the man. Eminently sensi-
ble, (as far as I can judge) he is,—
and eminently handsome. —
Could I have expected that from a
woman of your sense? believe me,
my Augusta, that ought to be a
very trifling recommendation in a
choice for life;—few of those *emi-
nently*

nently handsome men, but would be infinitely more amiable, were they much less so. That you may be as happy as you deserve, whenever you enter that state, is the wish of, your very affectionate, and much obliged,

ARABELLA GREY.

LETTER

LETTER XIII.

MRS. HERVEY,

TO

MRS. WILMOT.

Hervey-Lodge,

October 1.

I Have to announce to you, my
dear Mrs. Wilmot, the arrival
of a new guest. Lord Falbridge
has been here these eight days,
and I flatter myself that I shall
have it in my power to follow
my

my testy good-humoured friend Wilmot's advice; for his Lordship is certainly much taken with my fair ward. A few days ago, as we were walking in the garden, he said, after some hesitation, coughing, hemming, and looking aukward, "Miss Grey is really a very fine woman."—"Yes, my Lord, she has very good qualities;"—"I think she is your ward, madam?" "she is under my care, my Lord; she was consigned to me by a brother whom I tenderly loved."—"She is not then of age?"—"I really am not certain, but her discre-

tion

tion is such, that I mean, when we return to London, to put into her own hands, the little fortune I am entrusted with for her use." — "Fortune! what man, happy enough to make himself agreeable to Miss Grey, could ever once think of her fortune?" This was a good beginning, and in all probability would have gone farther, if Arabella (who seldom does any thing *mal-à-propos*) had not joined us in the instant. The conversation changed to different subjects. Last night her brother arrived from London,

(as

(as I think very opportunely) when he came in, I observed that Lord Falbridge appeared vastly struck with the grace and dignity of his person; tho' I don't think he looks at all well. At my Lord's desire, I introduced them to each other; and tho' Grey never lays aside his coldness, he answered his salute with great politeness. Whilst he went out of the room to speak to his servant, my Lord asked Arabella what her brother was intended for? on her answering for the bar, "upon my word," said he, "Miss Grey, if

had

had a cause to plead, and he were the Counsel for my adversary, I should give it over for lost, tho' it were never so clear on my side; for such a person and manner, would (as Milton says) —make the worse appear the better reason." Miss Grey thanked him for this compliment on her brother, and a glow of satisfaction brighten'd all her features, which I own gave me great pleasure. I never saw her in such spirits as she was during the whole evening; she seemed to listen with so much complaisance to Lord Falbridge, (who took

took care however not to be too particular) that I am much mistaken if I should find any opposition on her side. Indeed what objection could she have?—a young man with a most agreeable person,—a good character,—an Irish Peerage, and 6000l. per annum? Perhaps you will imagine that her country, the unhappy state of affairs considered may be an impediment; but not in the least, Lord Falbridge you know is in the opposition, and one of its strongest partisans. I hope soon to have something

more

THEODOSIUS & ARABELLA. 115

more satisfactory to tell you, 'till
which time I must conclude my-
self, your affectionate

CHARLOTTE HERVEY.

LETTER

LETTER XIV.

M R S. H E R V E Y,

T O

M R S. W I L M O T.

October 10

WHAT a scene have I had to go thro' since my last
my dear friend!—but I will have
ten to inform you of the particulars. A few days after Lord
Falbridge's conversation with me

in the garden, he came to me in
 my dressing-room, and asked my
 permission in form to pay his ad-
 dresses to my ward; I told him,
 that notwithstanding Miss Grey
 was under my care, I had
 no sort of authority over her,
 altho' I was extremely obliged to
 him for the compliment he paid
 me; yet I thought it would be
 proper to address himself to the
 young lady herself, or to her bro-
 ther, as I did not doubt but they
 would both be highly sensible of
 the honour his Lordship in-
 tended them. He answered,
 that he had already thought of
 addressing

addressing himself to Mr. Grey, but that there was a certain coldness in his manner that forbade his confidence; and that as to Miss Grey, tho' he flattered himself he should be able to render himself agreeable to her, if her heart was disengaged, yet were he presented to her by my hands he should then have no doubt of his success. As there was something very polite in this proceeding, I gave way to his reasons, and it was agreed that I should break the affair to her the next day, whilst he was absent on his visit to Mr. Henley, late member

for ***, who has a feat about
eighteen miles off, and where
he purposes passing a couple
of days.

Accordingly the next morn-
ing, whilst Miss Grey and I
were at work together, I said to
her, "I have a question to put
to you, my dear, I flatter myself
you will answer me with that
sincerity and frankness which I
think make a distinguished part
in your character." She looked
extremely surprised, "certainly;
my dear madam, I hope you
have no reason to doubt my sin-
cerity;"

cerity;" "none, my dear Arabella, and therefore I beg you to tell me, if your heart is disengaged?" In one instant her face changed to a glow of vermillion, which immediately gave place to a deadly paleness; but after some hesitation she answered me in the affirmative. "You have then left no one in your own country that is dear to you?" "no, upon my honour, madam," "then I am satisfied for since your arrival in England, I think I can be answerable for you; in that case, my dear, I am happy to tell you, I am em-

powered to offer you the hand
 and heart of Lord Falbridge."—
 "Of Lord Falbridge!" exclaimed
 she!—"yes, my dear, and I have
 no doubt but you will with plea-
 sure accept an offer so highly ad-
 vantageous to you." How was I
 astonished at seeing her in one
 moment almost drowned in
 tears! "Good God! my dear
 Arabella, what is the meaning of
 this? after all you have not
 dealt sincerely with me!"—"I
 have, I have indeed, my dear
 madam!"—"but how can that
 be, for I am sure you can have no
 personal objection to Lord Fal-
 bridge;

bridge; since I have heard you say, (which was indeed true) that he is by much the most agreeable man you have seen in England." "It is true, madam, as an acquaintance I think him so still,—as your friend I esteem him,—but as a husband, never never can I think of him, or any other!"—"And is this Arabella Grey, that talks in so weak a manner?—for shame, recollect yourself,—reflect a moment on your situation,—and judge how improper it is for you to remain single. Every unmarried woman is a helpless unprotected being

ing

ing; but should you lose me, and any accident happen to your brother, you would be doubly so;—young, beautiful, without connexion or relation, in a country unfortunately no longer the friend of your's—I shudder at the prospect!”

I own it cut me to the heart to see her tears flow faster, as I set before her this picture of her situation; but they seemed to have so little foundation, that I thought it necessary to enforce the point. I therefore endeavoured to soothe her, but still

continued to represent to her the advantages of the match to herself, and of the alliance to her brother; who would by that means acquire weight, and be infinitely more considered in the world. This last argument seemed to have some effect on her; taking her hand therefore, “speak then, my beloved ward, will you consent? but if I have no influence over you, consult your brother.” “Oh! my dear dear Mrs. Hervey,” clasping her hands together in an agony of grief, “spare me that cruel task, do tell him for me.”—I really w

so moved by her manner, that I could only take her in my arms as she sat, whilst she wet my bosom with her tears; mine flowed as fast as her's. We were in this attitude when the door opened, and Mr. Grey entered the room,—On seeing us, he started back, and with a certain wildness in his look, “what, what,” said he,—“what is the matter with my sister?” — “draw near my dear Theodosius,” said I, “come and assist me in persuading our beloved Arabella to her own happiness.” — “How! what is it?” — “a moment's patience.” —

I then proceeded to tell him what I had said to his sister, and enforced it with the same arguments. I asked him if he was not of my opinion, his sister having no better reason against it than a partiality for a single life. "But if she does not choose to marry, Madam?" — "Oh! my dear Theodosius, you must yourself think that a very weak and groundless reason, against so unexceptionable a match." All the time I was speaking he continued walking up and down the room in the greatest disorder, every now and then putting his

hand

hand to his forehead ; at length
 stopping short, and looking on
 his sister, who was still in tears,
 —“I cannot bear it! by Hea-
 vens, I will not suffer her to be
 compell'd ! no Madam, my sister
 shall not be compell'd !” I was
 so struck at this, that suddenly
 rising, and flinging myself into
 another chair, “I little thought,
 Mr. Grey,” said I, with the great-
 est warmth, “that my tender
 care of your sister, and my anxi-
 ety for her welfare, would have
 ever drawn on me so cutting and
 so ungenerous a reproach ; but
 so as you please, for from this

moment"—“oh! stop, my dearest Madam,” said Arabella, coming up to me, and throwing her arms round my neck, “do not finish,—oh! Theodosius, how could you offend my best, my only friend?—the sister of our father!” these words seemed to recall Grey to his reason, for advancing towards me, with tears in his eyes, he begged my pardon for what he had said; and in that instant Arabella seeming to collect all her spirits, said, “here let the contest cease, I consent to whatever you propose, Madam.” —“You consent?” said her brother

ther,—“I do,”—“it is sufficient,”
 said he in a fainter tone of voice,
 and going instantly out of the
 room, he left us alone. When
 he was gone I a-new endea-
 voured to sooth her; but laying
 her hand on her heart, “ah!
 Madam, you know not the
 weight that is here!” “I do my
 dearest child, I had a harder
 trial to go through; torn from
 the most amiable, the most de-
 serving of men, to whom my
 affections had from my infancy
 been engaged, and compelled by
 a stern father to give myself to
 one whose riches were his only

merit, what were my sufferings? yet can I boast, that during five-and-twenty years that I dragged the heaviest of chains, I acquitted myself with cheerfulness of my duty;—nor since his death has set me free, have I ever permitted myself to say so much upon the subject to any one, as I have now to you.”

I found my arguments had a little calmed her grief, and her gentle mind seemed sensible of my endeavours to make the task easy to her. I then left her, to seek her brother, whom I found

in his room sitting at a table,
 leaning his head upon his hands,
 so that I saw not his face. On
 my coming into the room he
 lifted up his head, but on seeing
 me he turned away his eyes,
 which however I perceived were
 red and moist. I told him I
 was sorry to be obliged to
 appear harsh, but I was very
 sure his own good sense and
 affection for his sister must make
 him see the affair in a very differ-
 ent light when he came to re-
 flect on it." He looked down, he
 answered very little, at length
 with a deep sigh,—“whatever
 you

you and she think proper, I shall not oppose, Madam!"—Seeing I could gain no more on him I left him.—Oh! Mrs. Wilmot, how was I mistaken, when I thought this brother and sister did not love each other!—but she has given her consent, and I hope they will both thank me hereafter for what appears to them now so very severe.

Our dinner, as you may imagine, was not a very lively one; we all spoke little and eat less, which however could occasion no remarks, as you know it is

the

the custom of my house never to suffer those domestic spies, called servants, to break in upon the social hour, when one is usually most off one's guard. To my great astonishment, about six in the evening, my Lord arrived, and fortunately I was alone when he came in. On my expressing my surprise at seeing him return so soon, he told me, his anxiety was such, that he could wait no longer for the decision of his fate; —the answer I gave him seemed to put him in raptures. I then rung a bell, and ordered a servant to desire Mr. and Miss Grey to

to walk down; he returned immediately, and told us Miss Grey was coming, but that Mr. Grey was walked out into the wood. In a few minutes after she appeared, looking more lovely, and more interesting, if possible, for the melancholy that overspread her countenance. My Lord approached her, and in a low voice, made her the offer of his heart; the confusion he was in himself, prevented him from perceiving her's, which was however but too visible. It was near supper time before Mr. Grey appeared, and when he came in he started

and

and coloured exceedingly, seeing
 Lord Falbridge; who instantly
 taking him by the hand, assured
 him, how happy he should esteem
 himself in the title of his bro-
 ther.—To this compliment, Grey
 answered with a coldness which
 would doubtless have struck my
 Lord, had his mind not been en-
 gross'd by more pleasing thoughts.
 —After supper he began to talk
 of the preparations, and it was
 agreed that we should go to town
 the week following to get the ar-
 maments drawn, and give the neces-
 sary orders. My Lord then
 turning to Grey, said, “he hoped
 he

he would, on that happy occasion, serve as a father to his sister, and" added he with a smile, "you will thereby entitle yourself to my eternal gratitude, by conferring on me, with your own hands, so invaluable a blessing." Theodosius bowed, and answered, "doubtless, my Lord, I shall have that honour." We shall therefore remove to London next Monday, from whence I hope to write before the knot is tied, which in all probability will be soon after. The wedding will be private, Mr. Henley and his sister (who are relation

of my Lord's) Miss Beverley,
and Mr. Mordant, being the on-
ly guests who will be invited.
As soon as the ceremony is over,
we shall all go to Shrubby-Hill,
my Lord's seat, near Windsor.
Adieu ! my dear Mrs. Wilmot,

Your's,

CHARLOTTE HERVEY.

LETTER

LETTER XV.

THE SAME TO THE SAME

*London,**Wednesday, October 18*

WE arrived here last night
 that is to say, Theodo-
 sius, Arabella, and I; for Lord
 Falbridge left us on Friday last
 to get the writings prepared.
 own I was not sorry when he
 left us, for Grey's behaviour to

him

him was such, that it kept me
in perpetual alarms. He avoided
as much as possible being with
him, but when they met at ta-
ble, whatever my Lord advan-
ced, Grey was sure to contra-
dict; in so much, that I one
day feared it would be quite se-
rious. However, as soon as we
arrived in town, Grey went to
his chambers, and for that time
put me out of my pain. But it
was not to end thus, this morn-
ing he was obliged to be present at
reading over the papers;—when
Miss Grey's 2000l. came to be
mentioned, my Lord told Theo-
dosius,

dosius, that he hoped he would accept that trifle as a marriage present from his sister. To this Mr. Grey made a flat refusal, but with so much haughtiness, that my Lord could not help taking notice of it; and said with some warmth, "as you please Sir, but you cannot suppose I meant you any affront." "Affront! my Lord, no certainly, there is not a man in your country that should affront me with impunity." I saw Lord Falbridge strove to command his temper; he only replied, "indeed, Mr. Grey, your manner of behaviour is extremely

unac

unaccountable, but the relation you stand in to Miss Grey, gives you a privilege which you seem inclined to make use of to the utmost." Poor Arabella was terrified at this altercation, I therefore thought it was time to interfere. I assured his Lordship, that Mr. Grey was as sensible as possible of his merit, and the honour he was about to confer on his family; but that his state of health, which had not of late been very good, had rendered his temper very unlike itself. I don't know whether Theodosius was much obliged to me for having

ing

ing thus undertaken to make well
 his apology, but it is certain, and I
 there remains a great coldness and f
 between them; tho' I have made alterat
 Grey promise me, upon his word, ners o
 of honour, to attend his sister to We ex
 the altar; but I could not pre now, a
 vail with him any farther, and mony
 he means to pretend business, in main,
 order to excuse himself from ac
 companying the new married
 couple to their seat. Arabella
 has absolutely refused any other
 jewels than those which be
 longed to my Lord's mother
 which only want new setting
 her cloaths are very elegant and
 well

well chosen, but very plain;
and I am much mistaken, if rank
and fortune will make the least
alteration in the mind or man-
ners of this truly amiable girl.
We expect Miss Beverley to-mor-
row, and on Saturday the cere-
mony will be performed. I re-
main,

Your ever affectionate,

CHARLOTTE HERVEY.

LETTER

LETTER XVI.

MISS BEVERLEY,

TO

LADY MORDANT.

*Shrubby-Hill**November 10*

AH! my dear Madam, if all weddings are like this to which I have lately been a witness, I think I never could resolve to marry;—but you shall judge yourself. On my arrival

Vol.

in Town, I was welcomed with the greatest affection by my aunt and my dear Arabella, who looked however I thought very ill. My Aunt presented me to Lord Falbridge, who is indeed a very elegant pleasing young man. When Miss Grey and I were alone, she confessed to me, with a torrent of tears, how much averse she was to this marriage; but said, "I have promised Mrs. Hervey that it should be so, and I am determined to resign myself to my fate." I said all I could to reconcile her to a lot, which I am sure many a woman would envy; nor

can I devise a reason for her
 averfeness, for in all our inti-
 macy, I never heard her hint at
 having her affections engaged.
 But as Lord Falbridge seems so
 fond of her, it is to be hoped that
 she will be happy, (if I may so
 exprefs myself) against her will.
 We have since that had very lit-
 tle time for conversation. On
 Thursday Mr. Henley and his
 sister arrived, and were presented
 to us by my Lord, as his rela-
 tions. I fee very plainly, Mr.
 Henley intends to become one of
 my persecutors; but he may as
 well let it alone, I can tell him
 that

that. The man however is not
 amiss, I wish I could say as much
 for his sister; for she is as disa-
 agreeable as she is ugly, and ug-
 lier, the three fates (not to say
 injuries) never were; but she
 makes it up with dress, and wears
 a pound of rouge on each pro-
 minent cheek bone,—because all
 ladies who have been *abroad* do
 so, and you must know, she past
 two months at St. Omers last
 summer. But to proceed with
 my narrative,—it was agreed we
 were all to assemble at eight on
 Saturday morning; accordingly
 my aunt, the bride, and myself,

were ready in the drawing-room at that hour. Nothing could look more lovely than Miss Grey, dressed in a plain white polonese, and chip hat, without any other ornaments than an extreme fine pair of pearl bracelets, with the pictures of my Lord and Mrs. Hervey, set with brilliants of considerable size.

We were scarce got down before the bridegroom arrived in the most elegant undress, looking with all joy, rapture, and impatience — next arrived Mr. Henley, leading his sister, who really looked

like

like a chimney sweeper's garland
 on the first of May. Your Ladyship is to know, that to all
 her other perfections she adds
 that of being an old maid, — she
 is at least eighteen years older
 than her brother. — Lastly came
 Mr. Mordant and Mr. Grey,
 whom I had not seen before,
 since I came to town. I own I
 was extremely shocked to ob-
 serve such an alteration in so
 short a time, for he was as pale as
 death; but still handsome, and
 so well dressed, with such a care-
 less elegance. When we were
 all assembled, we sat down to

H 3 breakfast,

breakfast, but as Mr. Grey got up to go to the table, he suddenly changed countenance, and fell back in his chair in a kind of fainting fit, tho' he did not quite lose his senses. You may imagine the alarm this occasioned; every body got round him, and nobody helped him; but he presently recovered a little, and a violent bleeding at the nose seemed to have relieved him considerably. As he found himself however still faint, he begged leave to retire, and Mr. Mordant accompanied him to the room which he always occupies when

he

he sleeps at my aunt's. The whole company seem'd vastly uneasy at this accident, especially the poor bride, who could not refrain from tears. Mrs. Hervey, who loves these young people as a mother, went up to him, and in about ten minutes came down and told us that Mr. Grey was much better; but that as he was fearful of a return if he went into the air, he begged his Lordship would dispense with his attendance, and permit Mr. Mordant to officiate as father to the bride in his place; but Mr. Henley claiming that ho-

nour as a relation, Mr. Mordant gave it up to him. The coaches being come, we all repaired to church, under no very happy auspices. As soon as the irrevocable vow was pronounced, we returned to Hill-Street, where our first care was to enquire for Mr. Grey; but a servant informed us, that we were no sooner gone than he sent for a chair and returned to his chambers. As Lady Falbridge and Mrs. Hervey seemed extremely uneasy about him, Mr. Mordant desired them to compose themselves for that he would go to him him-

self, and bring them an account before they sat out. He went accordingly, (I shall ever love him for his generous friendship) and returned in about an hour and an half; he said he had left Mr. Grey much better, and that there was no doubt, he would, with a little quiet, be perfectly restored in a day or two; but as I did not quite credit this account, I took an opportunity of drawing him aside when we were unobserved, and asked him his real opinion. "Indeed," said he, "Miss Beverley, I fear him very much; whatever it is, his dis-

order seems to be in his mind, and if that bleeding at the nose, which takes him every quarter of an hour, should continue, I think he will be in a very bad way." However, he will be certainly well taken care of, for as Mr. Mordant could not get an officer to take his duty, he stays in Town, and has promised Mrs. Hervey to give him every moment of his time, when he is off guard, and to let her know, should any alteration for the worse take place.

At

Lady

At one o'clock the carriages were at the door,—Lord and Lady Falbridge, my aunt and myself in my Lord's coach and six,—Mr. and Miss Henley in their post chaise and four,—and Mrs. Hervey's post coach and four, with our femmes de chambres, and my Lord's gentleman,—and half a dozen other servants on horseback, closed the procession.

We arrived here in the evening; a most delightful mansion it is, but we were little in a state to admire the beauties of it; for At Lady Falbridge, who had complained

plained during the whole journey of a pain in her head, was for extremely ill on her arrival, that she was obliged to be put to bed, and in two hours she was seized with so violent a fever that we began to fear the greatest danger. My Lord was almost distracted; indeed my aunt and myself were little better. Physicians were sent for, but several days past over before they gave us the least hopes; her fever is now considerably abated, but she is still in a state of languor that permits us not to give way to hope.

Since

Since the dear sufferer has be-
 gan to mend, the Henleys have
 began to teaze me; the brother
 makes love to me, and the sister
 is so fond of me!—she so admires
 my taste for dress!—where did I
 buy this, and where did I get
 that?—she will certainly have
 the same!—Yes, thought I, what
 suits Augusta Beverley, will un-
 doubtedly become *Penelope Henley*.
 —I know your Ladyship will
 say I am as faucy and as vain as
 ever; but I am obliged to keep
 up my spirits as well as I am
 able, or I should sink into a de-
 pondency, which, spite of my
 endeavours,

endeavours, I find growing but too fast upon me. My aunt tells me Mr. Grey is better; I know she has heard from Mr. Mor-dant. Next week I shall return home, and in the mean time beg you to assure my dear guardian of my respects, and to believe me, with the tenderest sentiments of gratitude and respect, your Ladyship's affectionate ward, and devoted Servant,

AUGUSTA BEVERLEY.

[Mrs. Hervey's letter to Mrs. Wilmot, giving the particulars of the marriage, being nearly the same as Miss Beverley's, we have omitted it.]

LETTER XVII.

M R S. W I L M O T,

T O

M R S. H E R V E Y.

November 10.

GREAT indeed were the
cares, my dear friend, which
the charge of these young peo-
ple prepared for you; but yet I
hope, that you will have reason
to rejoice in the having perfectly
well

well acquitted yourself of your duty in regard to them. My oracle Wilmot jumped up (for he is now quite free from the gout) when he read the article of the marriage, and with a great oath swore, you were the best negotiator of a matrimonial treaty in Europe. I could not however help remarking, that so averse as Miss Grey seemed to the marriage, should it turn out otherwise than well, you would certainly never forgive yourself.

“Forgive a fig’s end! what do you talk of forgiving? Arabella is married, and that is enough.

How

Of

Of all the dear man's oddities,
 sure this is the greatest, for I
 cannot for the life of me guess
 his reason; and when I insist,
 he only says, "Lucy! Lucy! I
 must say to you, as my good
 friend George Falkener's wife
 said to him, — sink or swim that
 secret goes with me to the grave."
 However, it may very likely
 happen, as her heart was totally
 free, that my Lord's tenderneſs,
 and her own ſenſe of the impor-
 tant duty ſhe has taken on her,
 may reconcile her to her change
 of ſtate; and ſhe may be in time
 perfectly eaſy, if not happy. She
 has

has many resources in her power,
 —with her large fortune she will
 have such opportunities of exercising her benevolence, and rendering others happy, that in time she will become so herself. I have little doubts thereof, and hope you yourself are perfectly satisfied with the part you have acted. I remain, my dear Mrs. Hervey, your ever affectionate,

LUCY WILMOT.

LETTER

LETTER XVIII.

MRS. HERVEY,

T O

MRS. WILMOT.

November 15.

N O, my dear friend, my
cares are not yet over.

My lady Falbridge recovers so slowly,
and is grown so very thin, that
we are not without our fears that
her disorder is fallen upon her
lungs.

lungs. But her behaviour is truly exemplary,—she is all gentleness, all complaisance, and seems to forget herself, to study her Lord's temper, who is extremely fond of her; but very uneasy about her health. When the season comes on she is to go to Bristol, which, it is to be hoped will be of service to her. I have had a letter from Mordant which gives me great uneasiness; he writes me word, that Theodosius is in a very declining way; the bleeding at his nose cannot be stopped by any methods they have yet tried for that purpose

and

and he is grown a perfect skeleton. In his letter there is this paragraph, "I am sorry to say, you would hardly know my poor friend; the finest eyes in the world, and the finest teeth, are all that remains of him, for he is but the shadow of himself. His physicians advise him to go over early in the spring to the south of France, as change of air, and variety of objects may possibly restore him, his disorder seeming to lay on his spirits. As I pressed him the other day to put this project in execution, he shook his head, and putting his hand

hand to his heart,—Mordant, is here, and will the South of France remove that load? however, I will go—and that for many reasons.” Thus you see, my dear Mrs. Wilmot, what a prospect I have before me. Could I have been contented with coldly acquitting myself of my duty towards these young people, I might have been perfectly easy with the consideration that I had discharged it to the best of my knowledge; but such is my affection for them, that I feel their every suffering, as if they were united to me by the dearest

ties

ties of blood. I see but too plainly that Lord Falbridge has conceived a hatred against poor Grey, which however I cannot help saying he has given too much reason for; but I fear it has placed an everlasting barrier between the brother and sister.

Next week Sir William Moreant is to accompany my niece to town, there to give up his coach, and see her settled in her new abode. She has a very elegant carriage, handsome liveries, a chair, and every thing that speaks taste and splendor. I am

am very curious to know on
 whom all this is to be bestowed
 for I apprehend she will not now
 be very long before she makes a
 choice; and I am much mistaken
 if she does not make one dictated
 by prudence and good sense.
 The day Grey was taken ill she
 betrayed the greatest emotion
 but I rather think she has got
 the better of an inclination which
 he took no pains to cultivate.
 Unfortunate young man! how
 happy might he have been with
 a different turn of mind!—but
 there is no counteracting fate
 —Adieu! my best friend, to

Mr. Wilmot I wish to know his secret, tho' perhaps he and I have both the same idea,—if so, we certainly shall not communicate to each other.

Adieu! ever your's,

CHARLOTTE HERVEY.

Vol. I.

I

LETTER

LETTER XIX.

MISS BEVERLEY,

TO

MR. THEODOSIUS GREY.

Hill-Street, Berkley-Square

December 5

S I R,

THE subject on which I am
to address you is of so very
extraordinary a nature, that
scarce know in what words to
clothe it. Yet why should I he-
sitate?—If to distinguish merit

and

and to value it as it deserves, be
 a crime, I am indeed highly cri-
 minal; but as I stand acquitted
 by my own conscience (that se-
 verest of judges) I doubt not but
 I shall be so by him, whose opi-
 nion is of the greatest moment
 to me. Know then, Sir, that
 accustomed as I have been to the
 flatteries of your sex, ever since I
 came into life, you are the only
 one that ever made an impression
 on my heart. When I first
 knew you, I thought you the
 most amiable and deserving man
 I had ever met with; your pre-
 sent situation of mind, (for I
) I 2 have

have lately seen Mr. Mordant) renders you now the most interesting. It will not be accounted vanity, if I say, that Augusta Beverley cannot be supposed to be reduced to the necessity of offering herself; but her knowledge of your character has convinced her, that the only man she can be happy with, is perhaps the only one to whom an explicit address would be necessary. To be plain with you, Sir, I am convinced, from what I know of you, that the trifling advantage of fortune on my side would for ever keep you silent

(as it has made so many other's
 speak) were I not to assure you,
 that it is of no other value to me,
 than as you consent to share it
 with me. I offer you with that
 fortune,—a friend,—a compa-
 nion, who desires no other hap-
 piness in life than that of ren-
 dering you so. The only favour
 I have to request of you is, in case
 of your declining my offer, that
 you will not wrong me in your
 judgment, by withdrawing your
 esteem from, Sir,

Your most obedient,

And most humble Servant,

AUGUSTA BEVERLEY.

LETTER XX.

M R. G R E Y,

T O

M I S S B E V E R L E Y.

*Temple,
December 6.*

Withdraw my esteem from
you, Madam! no cer-
tainly! you have greatly added
to it. The generosity of your
sentiments, the noble and deli-
cate manner in which you lay me
under

under the greatest of obligations,
 by offering me the greatest of
 blessings, have raised you in my
 eyes above all your sex whom I
 have known in this country; but
 I should be unworthy of the ho-
 nour you would do me, were I to
 accept an offer so highly flatter-
 ing. No, Miss Beverley, heaven
 forbid that I should permit the
 sacrifice of youth, beauty, and
 merit, — to a decaying person,
 and a broken heart;—those, ma-
 dam, are all I have now to be-
 low;—judge whether they are
 worthy your acceptance. But
 indeed you are solicitous for

my happiness,—if I may be vain
 enough to suppose you wish to
 contribute to it,—do it, by con-
 ferring that invaluable heart and
 hand on one, whose merit en-
 titles him to that preference,—
 on one, whose constancy claims
 a reward,—in a word, on my most
 valuable friend, Henry Mordant.
 You are no stranger, Madam, to
 a passion, which tho' it has not
 been expressed by words, has yet
 shewn itself by the most uniform
 tenor of behaviour,—by the most
 respectful; and the most perse-
 vering tenderness;—the seeing
 you happy in each other, is the

only pleasure that can be tasted
in this life, by him, who has
the honour to be, with the high-
est sentiments of esteem, admi-
ration, and the most profound
respect,

Madam,

Your most obedient,

Most devoted servant,

THEODOSIUS GREY.

IS LETTER

178 THEODOSIUS & ARABELLA.

LETTER XXI.

MISS BEVERLEY,

T O

MR. THEODOSIUS GREY.

December 7

S I R,

HAD vanity had the least share in the step I have taken in regard to you, I might be mortified at your refusal,—I am only concerned at it. You must permit me to return you your
compliment

compliment, by assuring you, that your Letter has, if possible, increased my esteem for the writer; and I think I owe it to you, to assure you, that should I ever change my single state (which at present I am very far from thinking I ever shall,) it will be only in favour of your friend, Mr. Mordant. I am neither insensible of his merit, or ungrateful for his sentiments towards me; but the title of Mr. Grey's friend, is in my eyes, the greatest of all merits; as it implies every other.

Believe

180 THEODOSIUS & ARABELLA.

Believe me with the highest
esteem, Sir,

Your most obedient,

Most humble servant,

AUGUSTA BEVERLEY

LETTER

THEODOSIUS & ARABELLA. 181

LETTER XXII.

LORD FALBRIDGE,

TO

RICHARD HENLEY, ESQ.

Portman-Square,

January 9.

YOU ask me, Henley, if I
am as thankful to you as
ever for the present you made
me on the 21st of October?
Why, to speak truly to you, I
have as yet but little to boast of
the

the *douceurs* of the matrimonial state. You know, (since you were a witness to them) the alarms I underwent in the first weeks on account of Lady Falbridge's illness;—even yet, her health is far from being confirmed. This you may imagine has not occasioned many very lively hours, and the worst of it is, that I have got it in my head, Lady Falbridge married me against her inclination. You know what an unfortunate dog I have ever been in my connexion with that cursed sex, who are at once our delight and our plague.

ont

You

You remember how I was jilted
 by Miss Farmor, — how I was
 deceived by Lady Caroline Staf-
 ford, just as I was on the point of
 concluding with them, — not to
 mention adventures of another
 nature, where I have constantly
 been the dupe. Tired out with
 the caprices of my fair country-
 women, when I first saw Mrs.
 Hervey's American ward, at last
 I thought I, to myself, here is a
 chance of fixing at last! — her per-
 son pleased me; — I was enchanted
 with the simplicity of her man-
 ners, so different from those of
 our high bred amazons of qua-
 lity,

lity, or the aukward pretensions of our rich city Misses. I must in justice confess, that she has in that respect answered the idea I had formed of her.

She has a thousand qualities that our girls of fashion never heard of;—she is so humane, so charitable! she has left neither sick nor poor at Shrubby-Hill for she made it her business and amusement whilst there, to relieve the necessities of the latter and to anticipate the wants of the former. Yet, my dear Henry, 'tis such a sad thing to be

united

united to a Niobe, all tears,—and
 like Niobe, all marble too;—for
 tho' she is gentle, attentive, and
 exact as possible in her conduct,
 nothing can raise her from that
 state of melancholy she is ever
 plunged in. One reason to
 which I attribute it, is, the cold-
 ness, (not to say aversion) that
 subsists between her insolent bro-
 ther and myself. Before the
 knot was tied, I put up with his
 naughty caprices, well deter-
 mined, they should never shock
 me after; indeed that is the only
 point in which he and I seem to
 agree; yet what an unaccount-
 able

able conduct. I was the more hurt, as I was strongly led to him by inclination; for surely, as you know, never man carried such letters of recommendation in his countenance. But a temper so haughty! a character so inexplicable! and what disgusted me more than all the rest, he extends that coldness, and that forbidding behaviour to his sister, tho' I am convinced that a great part of her melancholy is on his account. When she was recovering, going one day into her dressing-room, I found her writing and enquiring to whom it was

she

He told me it was to her brother. I own I felt my temper rise, and I said with some warmth, "on every other occasion, Lady Falbridge, you may command me; but you must not expect that I will ever submit to be treated by your brother under my own roof, as I was under that of Mrs. Hervey; and however *Miss Grey* might overlook it, I do absolutely expect and require, that *Lady Falbridge* should take part with my resentment." — "We can have no separate interests," she answered, with a deep sigh, and casting down her lovely eyes,

eyes, "your Lordship shall be me
 obeyed," and since she has never mily,
 mentioned him. I am sorry to ne v
 make her uneasy, but I am fur with v
 that man and I could never mee hours
 on terms of amity. To put such ble.
 an affront on his sister and me me!
 even on our wedding day! for no
 did ever a fellow excuse himself dieu
 on such an occasion, because for er m
 sooth he bled at the nose? but believ
 it is, and my only hope is, that
 he will take as much pains to
 avoid me, as I shall to avoid him

Yesterday we were invited to
 dinner at Miss Beverley's, where

met the whole Mordant family, and Mrs. Hervey. What a fine woman is Miss Beverley! With what a grace she did the honours of her house and of her table. Had I thought of it in time!—but it is too late, and there is no recalling what is past. Adieu! my dear Henley, remember me to your *venerable sister*, and believe me, ever your's,

FALBRIDGE.

LETTER

LETTER XXIII.

MRS. HERVEY,

TO

MRS. WILMOT.

January 15

I Am far, very far from having my mind at ease, my dear friend. I wish after all, that what I did with the best intention, may not turn out the very reverse of what I expected

Lad

Lady Falbridge is not happy, it
 but too plain to me, tho' she
 always endeavours, when I am
 with her, to assume a cheerfulness
 which I believe is foreign to her
 heart. I am told my Lord passes
 much of his time at Arthur's,
 and has lately lost a very confi-
 derable sum of money; this I
 heard by accident, and I know
 not whether my Lady is in-
 formed of it or no, for she never
 speaks to me on the subject; and
 to say the truth, I am not desir-
 ous of entering on it. I own,
 my dearest Mrs. Wilmot, I can-
 not help reproaching myself,
 but

but my brother's strong injunction, (back'd by Mr. Wilmot's counsels) acted strongly on my mind, and led me to hasten a marriage, which I have too much reason to fear will not turn out in the long run to the satisfaction of either of the parties. Nor is this the only subject of my uneasiness, I am afraid poor Grey has not long to live. Every time I see him, I perceive an alteration in him for the worse; he is quite a shadow! yet there is something in his countenance more interesting than ever. I see plainly he does not come to me so often

as he would wish, for fear of meeting Lord and Lady Falbridge; for the dislike he has to the one, has, I am afraid, alienated him from the other. The greatest satisfaction I at present enjoy is, in being a witness to the figure my niece makes in life. I think I never saw such an alteration for the better in any one; she is grown steady, and sedate in her behaviour, and her conduct is really exemplary for so young a woman quite left to herself. She makes a noble use of her fortune, without any frivolous expences, and partakes of the pleasures,

pleasures, without launching into the follies of high life. She passes a great part of her time with Sir William and Lady Mor-dant; her fondness for those excellent people is the strongest testimony of the uncommon manner in which they acquitted themselves of their trust.

Poor Theodosius is ordered to the South of France. He intends setting out the beginning of March, and I mean to take upon me the expences of his journey; otherwise he could not do it, and support the appearance of a gentleman.

tleman, without breaking in upon his little fortune.

You make me extremely happy with the prospect you give me of seeing you soon in Town; your presence will help to dispel the cloud that hangs on the heart and mind of,

Your ever affectionate,

CHARLOTTE HERVEY.

K 2 LETTER

LETTER XXIV.

M R S. W I L M O T,

T O

M R S. H E R V E Y,

February 20.

I Was indeed in hopes of surprizing you in person, my dear Mrs. Hervey, by this time, but I am detained here a little while longer by an unforeseen event. I believe you have seen at our

house

house a relation of Mr. Wilmot's
 of the name of Middleton, who
 has an estate adjoining to our's;
 he is an old bachelor, turned of
 fifty, who lives retired, and is
 looked on in the country as an
 odd man, because he neither
 loves drinking, fox-hunnting,
 nor talking politics. My hus-
 band used always to call him
 the *lover*, and when first I asked
 him the reason, he gave me his
 history, which in a few words is
 this. — When he was about
 twenty he fell in love with a
 young lady of good family but
 small fortune, he himself had

then but a distant prospect of that which he now enjoys, for which reason the young lady's parents were far from approving the match. This did not hinder them from entering into a mutual promise; but in a short time after, being obliged to go into the Country for a few weeks, he was at first alarmed at receiving no answer to his repeated letters, and coming hastily to town to enquire into the reason, he had the inexpressible grief to find that his mistress was dead. This event made so deep an impression on him, that from that moment

he abandoned all thoughts of matrimony; he has even in a great measure avoided the society of women, but whenever the subject of love was started, he used to talk in praise of that passion, with all the fire and enthusiasm of a young man; this it was which acquired him the name of the lover amongst his intimates. About six days ago he arrived here from London, and came directly to us. Contrary to his usual custom he looked extremely gay, which drew on him some compliments from Mr. Wilmot.

He took no notice of them, but asked us, with a smile, when we thought of setting out for London? we told him the time; but said he, turning to my husband, "I hope, cousin Wilmot, you and your Lady will at least do me the honour to put off your journey a few days longer, in order to be present at my wedding."

—This you may imagine was enough for Mr. Wilmot, he jumped up, shook him by the hand, and began to exclaim, "all glory and honour to inconstancy! —have not I told you a thousand times, Lucy, that there is

no such thing as a passion that lasts as long as ourselves; and that if I were to die, you would marry an Ensign in the Guards of twenty, as I should certainly take a Maid of Honour of sixteen if you were to die. My cousin Middleton, after fighting thirty years over the memory of his mistress, going to be married!" Mr. Middleton suffered him to go on very quietly, till he saw him reinstated in his great chair, then without the least emotion he said, "all this is very good, cousin Wilmot, it wants nothing but truth for it's foundation;

what now, would you say, if I still lay claim to the title of constant, by telling you, that the Lady to whom I am going to be married, is in reality the first, the only object of my choice?" "say," cried Mr. Wilmot, "why my dear Middleton, I should certainly say that I don't believe a word of the matter;—but as you have the art of raising the dead, I hope you also possess that of raising them as young and as handsome as when they died, or the secret would not be worth having." "Not altogether so, my merry cousin," answered Mr. Middleton,

"but

“but this is the real fact. I must inform you that I have always known this lady to be living, at least I had great reason to suppose it, but as she was dead to me, in tenderness to her I chose rather to give out that she was no more; not being certain in my own mind, whether she was to be condemned or acquitted. But however that were, certain it was, that my affection for her has never known a diminution. I knew that whilst I was absent, her parents took the opportunity of sending her to her uncle in Jamaica, where, immediately on her

her arrival, she was married to a rich planter. I had an opportunity of hearing some years ago, by a person lately arrived from that Island, that she was living, and had just married an only daughter to a man of considerable fortune. From that time I never heard any more of her, till this my last journey to London. On my going home one evening, I found a note, in a hand unknown, desiring my company in Charlotte-Street, Oxford-Road, next morning at ten, and directing me to enquire for a Mrs Mitford, who had something of

the

the utmost consequence to impart to me. Extremely curious to know the event of so mysterious an invitation, I hastened to the place appointed, and was introduced into a handsome drawing-room, where I found a middle-aged woman, of a genteel appearance, drest in half mourning, who, on my entrance, immediately got up, and addressed me very politely,—“Is it Mrs. Mitford to whom I have the honour of speaking?” “Pray, Sir, sit down,” without answering to that question)—“were you not once acquainted with Miss Harriet Matthews?”

thews?"—"I was indeed, madam, but why?"—"but you have forgot her, Mr. Middleton,"—at these words, I started,—the tone of voice,—the look had already given the alarm,—I flew to her, and clasping her to my bosom,—“it is, it is herself! my long lost, long lamented Harriet!” “it is, indeed,” said she, the tears streaming from her eyes, “it is your Harriet! no longer that young and blooming Harriet, the object of your early love! but tho’ the form has changed, the heart is still the same.”—Permit me to suppress the tender scene that followed,

followed, — suffice it to say, that
 Mrs. Brotherfon, as foon as our
 joy fubfided fufficiently to permit
 an explanation, informed me,
 that in purfuanee to the com-
 mands of her parents, ſhe had
 given her hand to Mr. Brother-
 fon, with whom ſhe had lived
 in a ſtate of friendſhip and good
 intelligence, till laſt year, when
 he died, and left her miſtreſs of a
 jointure of 800l. a year, and
 10,000l. in her own diſpoſal; the
 reſt of his fortune going to their
 daughter, who had been happily
 married theſe five years, and who
 propoſed coming to ſettle in Eng-
 land

land next spring. "I must own to you," said she "Mr. Middleton, that during the life of Mr. Brotherson, so far from making any enquiries about you, I carefully avoided all opportunities of learning the fate of a man, but too dear to me; but no sooner had death set me free from my engagement, than I resolved to satisfy myself if you were still living, and still unmarried. Fortunately for me, I addressed myself to the person, of all others who could best inform me; it was to my niece, Mrs. Mitford who has a house about six miles from

from your's, who, little sus-
 pecting the motive of my enqui-
 ries, wrote me word that you
 lived very retired,—was looked
 on as a great oddity in the neigh-
 bourhood,—and was an old ba-
 achelor, who was supposed to have
 remained so from some disap-
 pointment in your youth. This
 was sufficient for me, I immedi-
 ately settled my affairs in Jamaica,
 took the opportunity of the first
 ship, and am come to fulfil the
 promises made so many years
 ago." Mr. Wilmot taking that
 opportunity of blowing his nose,
 and looking another way, "I see"
 said

said that worthy man, "you are
 affected both of you with my
 story," (for I could not refrain
 from tears) tho' Mr. Wilmot
 tried to conceal his, "but the
 end of all is, that next week
 shall be united to my still loved
 Harriet; she and her niece, Mrs.
 Mitford, are to dine with me
to-morrow, and I intreat the fa-
 vour of your company." Mr.
 Wilmot shaking his head gave a
 great groan,—“we are undone.
 Lucy, it is all over with us, we
 shall make no figure,—we were
 the only pair of old lovers in the
 county, but now we shall be put

out

out of countenance; well, Middleton, we will certainly come to you to-morrow; but do, my dear man, let your love be *Henrietta* for the future, for I hate an old *Harriet* of all things." Mr. Middleton only smiled, for he is married to Mr. Wilmot, and went home to prepare for us. The next day we went according to appointment, and found the two ladies ready to receive us. Mrs. Brotherson is about forty-six, and tho' at that age beauty is pretty well out of the question, there is such a grace in her manner, and her person is yet so very agreeable,

agreeable, that it is easy to judge how charming she must have been when first she captivated the heart which she has had the good fortune to preserve amidst all the changes of time and absence. As soon as ever the knot is tied, we shall hasten to London, and I shall have the pleasure of assuring you in person, how sincerely I am,

Your affectionate,

LUCY WILMOT

LETTER

LETTER XXV.

MRS. HERVEY,

T O

MRS. WILMOT.

March 10.

WHILST you, my dear
Mrs. Wilmot, are shar-
ing the joy of your amiable rela-
tion, (whose story greatly af-
fected me,) I am suffering from
separation that has cost me ma-
ny

ny tears. Last Thursday poor Grey set out for the South of France, from whence, I own to you, I have but little hopes of his return. A few days before he left us, I gave him a letter of credit from my banker, on Mr P——, at Paris. As it was sealed up, and I saw he put it in his pocket book without taking any notice, I thought it was proper to let him know the contents of it, tho' I was a little at a loss how to set about it. I therefore took an opportunity, in the course of conversation, to ask him if he were well provided for his journey.

ney

ey? he answered me, that as
 the motive of his going was
 health alone, and that he should
 make no stay in any place, but
 that where he intended to fix,
 he believed he had provided suf-
 ficiently; that he proposed tak-
 ing fifty pounds with him, which
 he imagined would do for the
 time he had to—*live*, he was go-
 ing to say,—but he stopped short,
 and said, for the time he had to
 stay. I own I was exceedingly
 affected, but I endeavoured to
 hide my concern, and said to
 him, “but, my dear Theodosius,
 let your health be your first mo-
 tive,

tive, when that end is answered, as I hope it will be soon, I think it would be a pity you should not make use of that opportunity to take a more than cursory view of a country, where you will find many things worthy your notice and calculated to improve as well as entertain your mind.—At Paris, for example,” —“oh!” said he interrupting me, “as for Paris, I shall certainly only pass thro’ it for many reasons, would my health even permit me; — you know,” said he with a smile, “you accuse me of being proud, my dear madam,” — “I understand

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you, Mr. Grey, but that need be no objection; in that letter you will find what will enable you to make your tour with ease and convenience, and if it should not be sufficient, you know where to apply to have the deficiency repaired." I saw him start, and a deep blush overspread his face. "In that letter, madam!" said he, putting his hand to his pocket, "you must forgive me, but"—"stop, Sir," said I, laying my hand on his arm to prevent his drawing out his pocket book, "remember, it is Mr. Selwin's sister whom you are about

to offend by a refusal; he looked on you as his son, as such I have hitherto considered you, and do not, my dear Theodosius, give me room to imagine, that you have less affection for me than you had for him". He lifted up his eyes, and kissing my hand in the most respectful manner—"worthy indeed are you to be the sister of that best of men! I will shew my gratitude by my obedience; and heaven is my witness I cannot prove it in a stronger manner, than in consenting to receive an obligation which I can never hope to repay." As

knew

knew the extreme susceptibility of his mind, I hastened to change the conversation, to the *Route* he was to take. He told me he should go directly to Montauban, and take Paris (since I would have it so) in his way home. He said, Mr. Mordant had offered him letters of recommendation to several persons of distinction in that capital, which he should now accept. Soon after he came to take leave of me, — a ceremony always very cruel in itself, but doubly so when there is so little prospect of meeting again. However, Mr. Mor-

dant, who was present, made it as short as possible. He accompanies him as far as Dover, and stays with him till he sails. I expect Mr. Mordant back every minute, in the mean time I sit down to give you this account, in hopes it will be the last *written* one you will have for some time, from

Your affectionate friend,

CHARLOTTE HERVEY

LETTER

LETTER XXVI.

MR. THEODOSIUS GREY,

T O

MR. MORDANT.

Amiens,

March 20.

I Should have complied with
my promise, my best of friends,
in writing to you immediately on
my arrival here, but I found my-
self so very ill, that I have been
obliged to keep my bed till

L 3

within

within two days past; I am, however, much better, and hope to pursue my journey the day after to-morrow. I shall only stay at Paris for four-and-twenty hours; but you will be so obliging as to direct your letters for me, to Mr. P——, in that city, who will take care to forward them. As they will be the only pleasures I shall taste whilst I am absent, I hope you will not be sparing of them, and do not omit any particulars relating to yourself; one thing I have to recommend to you,—you will doubtless see Lady Falbridge, at Miss Beverley's,

erley's, do not let her think her brother capable of forgetting her;—assure her of my ardent wishes for her happiness. Adieu! I am too weak to write a long letter,—but I am, for life,

Your affectionate,

And obliged,

THEODOSIUS GREY.

[Mr. Mordant's reply being of no consequence to the history, and Mr. Grey's subsequent letters being only a detail of his journey, and his arrival at Montauban, we have thought proper to omit them.]

LETTER XXVII.

M R. M O R D A N T,

T O

M R. G R E Y.

*London,
May 14.*

WHAT pleasure did I receive from your last letter, my dear Grey! the favorable change you have already found in that fine climate, gives us the most pleasing expectations

your speedy and perfect recovery.

Air, exercise, and tranquility are,

after all, the best physicians. If

not for your own sake, yet for

that of your friends, I flatter my-

self you will not neglect any of

the means prescribed to restore

you to us.—But now let me asto-

nish you, by the history of what

has happened to myself since you

left us..

You had scarce been a fort-

night out of England, before

poor Miss Beverley was taken ill

of the small-pox. Her aunt, my

father, mother, and myself, were

L 5 alarmed

alarmed beyond expression at this accident, the more so, as she was thought to have had it in her infancy. Oh! Grey, on this occasion I found, that the passion which I had imagined almost vanquished, had only slumbered a while; for I do assure you whilst her illness was at the height, I thought I should have lost my senses. Thank heavens her recovery restored me in some measure to my peace; and shall I own my weakness to you, my dear Grey, I was not sorry when I heard that she had escaped the danger, with the sacrifice of her divine

divine face; for my mother told me, that altho' she was not much afflicted, it was greatly to be feared she would never recover the beauty of her complexion and the delicacy of her features. I blush to confess it, even to you, Theodosius, but I could not help flattering myself, that an offer of my heart to her under these circumstances might perhaps be regarded by the most generous of women, as a not unacceptable proof of my constancy. It was some time before I could gain her permission to wait on her, with my mother, at last however I was admitted;

admitted ; indeed the first glance startled me ! but this was momentary. Tho' her face has suffered, she is still in my eyes, one of the finest women in England. She appeared confused at seeing me, and said, with a forced smile, "I believe I frighten you, Mr. Mordant?" I could not answer her as my heart dictated, because Lady Mordant was present, but I believe my eyes told her all I wished ; for she blushed and looked down. As she was now well enough to see company, and to go out, I saw her often ; at last I gained courage enough

to

to write to her, and intreat the
 permission of paying my addressee;
 telling her in my letter, that I
 should have explained my senti-
 ments sooner, had not her ill-
 ness prevented it;—this I said,
 not to alarm her delicacy by giv-
 ing her room to imagine I pre-
 sumed on this accident. Her an-
 swer was friendly and almost af-
 fectionate, but contained an ab-
 solute refusal. However, as the
 time was broke I ventured to wait
 on her, and again renewed the
 subject; but she continued po-
 sitive, and said, “I always fan-
 sied I was designed for an old
 maid,

maid, now I am convinced of it, and therefore, pray, Mr. Mor-
dant, do not go against the will
of fate."

I was about to reply, but with
a little warmth she desired me
never to renew that subject, or
we should be no longer friends.
Thus silenced, I was obliged to
relinquish my pursuit, and I left
her one of the most miserable
fellows on earth. Next day
whilst I was at my father's, Miss
Beverley was announced, and
own, I felt and looked very
much confused at seeing her

When

When the first compliments were over, "I am very glad" said she, "to find you here, Sir," and turning to my father, "you are to know, the subject of this visit is no other than to complain of your son." On seeing my father look extremely surprized, (and I am sure I did) she thus went on — "I must inform you, Sir William, that Mr. Mordant will marry me, whether I will or no! and tho' he dont tell me so, I am sure he builds his pretensions on my ugliness." — I was about to speak, — "don't interrupt me," said she, "I know, Sir William, you

you forbad him addressing me when I was tolerable, I hope you will renew the prohibition now I am not worth having." "Mr Mordant," said my father, in a severe tone of voice, "why must I be obliged to ——" "oh! heavens!" said she, getting up from her chair, and advancing towards me, "how I do love a little disobedience! there" said she "Mordant," presenting her hand to me, "tell Sir William this hand is your's, and with it a heart convinced of your merits; only regretting the poverty of the owner, who would wish to possess worlds

worlds to acquit herself of her
 obligations towards such a father
 and such a son!"—I leave you to
 judge our astonishment! — the
 animation of her countenance
 whilst she spoke, and the grace
 of her action, gave her a resplen-
 dency and a beauty that I had
 never seen in the triumph of her
 charms. I could only answer by
 eagerly kissing the hand she pre-
 sented to me, and turning to my
 father, — "oh! Sir!" — I saw his
 emotion in his eyes — "yes,
 Harry, I consent, take the blef-
 sing heaven has reserved for you,
 the wish of my heart is now, I
 will

will confess it, fully accomplished." At that instant my mother, all in tears, clasped her to her bosom, "my dear, dear Augusta, will you then make me happy in my Harry?—are you then at length to be my daughter?" In short the scene was too affecting to be described to you who are "tremblingly alive all o'er."—Suffice it to say, the preparations are ended, and in three days I hope to be the happiest of men; nothing then will be wanting but the presence of my dear Grey. Haste therefor

herefore your recovery, and
return to your,

Affectionate friend,

And faithful Servant,

HENRY MORDANT.

LETTER

LETTER XXVIII.

L O R D F A L B R I D G E

T O

R I C H A R D H E N L E Y, E S Q.

*Portman-Square**May 20.*

YOU expect me to write to you, my dear Henley, when I am out of humour with myself and the whole creation. Three thousand Pounds lost in one night!—yet unable to extricate myself from that cursed *penchant* for play, which at the same time affords me no amusement,—but

fuch

such an *ennui* sure never man experienced! Of all disagreeable places, however, my own house is the most disagreeable.—For such a household, dove, so gentle, so uncontradicting, and so insensible, never mortal was blessed with.

I believe after all I should have done better with one of our exquisites of quality, for in all probability she would have had as many follies on her side, as I on mine; and at least she would have no right to reproach me. —but that Lady Falbridge has

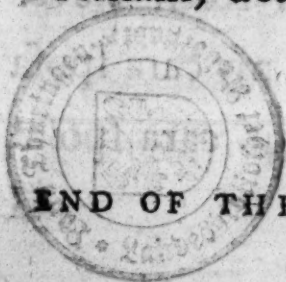
has ever attempted that; but her total exemption from error is a tacit reproach on me for mine, and I am sure she has not love enough for me to make her blind to them; by this means spite of myself, I see her rise superior to me,—and what man likes that in a wife? I intended to take her to Bristol this season but as she is much better (indeed as well as she ever will be I believe) she has desired to go to Shrubby-Hill again, we therefore remove thither as soon as the birth-day is over. Now that I shall remain there long

as the Bristol scheme is over,
 mean to make one in a party
 with Sir William Irwin and Mr.
 Melmoth, to Paris, where in all
 probability I shall pass the sum-
 mer and a great part of the au-
 tumn. What a happy fellow
 that Mordant! — his Lady was
 presented last Thursday, and was
 much admired, tho' she has lost
 that blaze of beauty that she
 boasted before the small-pox had
 exercised its ravages on her love-
 ly face; but she has even now
 the finest eyes and teeth I ever
 saw to any woman, my cara sposa
 excepted. Ah! that cara sposa!

I would to heaven she loved me well enough to be jealous of me, or hated me enough to plague me; but *honour* and *obey*, without *love*, is insipid stuff after all from our wives; and want the best ingredient to make matrimony palatable. But the woman was certainly formed without passion for I never saw her cast an approving look on any one. Well I shall try if Paris, and its well known delights, will awaken me from my apathy, in which hope I remain, dear Henley,

Ever your's

FALBRIDGE



END OF THE FIRST VOLUME

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